Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke?
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinkes you ſhould ſooneſt know
Buc. Who I my Lo? we know each others faces: (his mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:
Lo: Haſtings, you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the coronation:
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuerd
His Graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,
Which I preſume he will take in gentle part.
Biſh. Now in good time here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Glo. My noble L. and Coſens all, good morrow, (*En. Glo.*
I haue bene long a ſleeper, but now I hope.
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:
William L. Haſtings had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Then my L. Haſtings no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.
Haſt. I thanke your Grace.
Glo. My L. of Elie, *Biſh.* My Lo:
Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.
Biſh. I go my Lord.
Glo. Coſen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty Gentleman ſo hot,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His Maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royalty of Englands throane.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Gl.*
Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:

For

For I my ſelfe am not ſo we
As elſe I would be, were the
By. Where is my L. protect
Ha. His Grace lookes chee
Theres ſome conceit or oth
When he doth bid good m
I thinke there is neuer a ma
That can leſſer hide his lou
For by his face ſtraight ſha
Dar. What of his heart
By any likelihood he ſhew
Haſt. Mary, that with no
For if he were, he would hau
Dar. I pray God he be n
Glo. I pray you all, what
That do conſpire my death
Of damned witchcraft, and
Vpon my bodie with their
Haſt. The tender loue I
Makes me moſt forward in
To doome the offenders w
I ſay my Lord they haue de
Glo. Then be your eies t
See how I am bewitcht, be
Is like a blaſted ſapling wit
This is that Edwards wife,
Conſorted with that harlot
That by their witchcrafts t
Haſt. If they haue done
Glo. If, thou protector of
Telſt thou me of iffes? thou
Off with his head. Now by
I will not dine to day I ſwe
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome
The reſt that loue me, come
Ha. Wo wo for England,
For I too fond might haue
Stanley did dreame the boa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.